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*Sed Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque
Nil est jucundum, vivas in amore jocisque.* HORACE.

With sportive aim, old Horace tuned his lyre,
And love and joy, to satire join'd their fire :

— *sit numine vestro
Pandere res alta terra, et caligine mersas.* VIRGIL.

So from the depth of darkness we would draw
Follies and vices, such as Rome scarce saw :

*Jupiter omnipotens, utinam ne tempore primo,
Gnosia Cecropia tetigissent littora puppes!* CATULLUS.

But in these times, ye gods, the game all up is,
And satire's check'd by *litters* of blind *puppies*,
Who think that where there's fire there must be soot ;
But :

"I know to shift my ground, remount the car,

"Turn, change, and answer every call of war ;

"To right, to left, the dexterous lance I wield,

"And bear thick battle on my sounding shield."

POPE *Iliad*

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XX.

Taking a view of our editorial labours, we think we have much to congratulate ourselves upon, but little to condemn, and considerable grounds for hoping that we shall continue to deserve the favour of the public, by keeping the risible muscles of our readers in exercise, their ingenuity on the alert to unravel the hidden meaning of what we wrap up as decently as we can, and their curiosity awake, and gaping as wide, to swallow the news we provide for them